

at the level of his right ear and spasmodically roared at his leader.

"Then, about three o'clock, the Herald reporter came. He was talking confidentially with Sam Sigsbee and Oliver Johnson. There was no one else in the room except O'Dwyer, his secretary, who immediately took the Herald reporter in hand and waited a favorable opportunity to put him in communication with the great man."

CONFIDENCES.

The official secret, the intended policy, the promissures of future action that the Herald reporter then disclosed by the happy candidate in the moments of his candidacy it would gladden the hearts of his political opponents to know, as a matter of course, if they were to be made known to counsel in law or otherwise; but they would gladden the heart of opposing counsel; but they would be buried forever in most secret memory of the reporter. A hullo in confidential conversation ensued, and then the reporter presented his congratulation.

WHAT MR. GREELY THINKS OF THE HERALD.

"OF THE HERALD, eh?" said Mr. Greeley; "ah, I know the Herald boys, and I know the Herald. I know it's a Grant paper, but it has always been fair and honest with me. It treated me very differently the other day—very kindly, indeed, and I am sure to say, it will have a good article to-morrow."

"Well, how do you feel about the nomination, Mr. Greeley?"

"Well, now, what can I say but that I am grateful."

THE DEMOCRATIC PROGRAMME.

Do you think the democrats will make a separate nomination?"

"Well, the democrats, as far as my knowledge goes, are queer and so a good many queer things. I don't know just what they are up to till they tell it. But in all my experience of the democratic leaders I never found them stupid. I never felt much doubt about their accepting the nominee of Cincinnati Convention."

WHAT THE SOUTH WANTS.

Do you think that your prospects are favorable in the South?"

"Well, sir, the people want a new departure. They are tired and worn out with the military rule. They want to forget the war and let bygones be bygones. Now, I think we'd better accept friendship from the South if they'll be friendly, and I think that they will."

THE EFFECT IN THE GOLD ROOM.

At this juncture a new batch of friends came into the room and presented their congratulations.

"Did you hear the effect in the Gold Room," Mr. Greeley said once.

"No, I did not."

"Well, when the word came some one in the Gold Room sung out, 'A hundred and twelve millions of dollars to be released.' The effect was electrical. At next turn of the Indicator gold fell a half cent."

THE FUTURE SPECIE PAYMENT POLICY.

"Well," said Mr. Greeley, "I'll have that hundred and twelve millions released."

"Alas! ha!" said the visitor; "so you consider your action sure."

"No," responded Mr. Greeley; "but I do think that the moral aspect of the nomination will urge us to unlock his coffers. If I'm elected I'll look 'em quick enough."

CONGRATULATIONS FROM HIS LIEUTENANT.

At this moment a despatch came. Mr. Greeley opened and read it. It was from his managing editor, and read as follows:—

CINCINNATI, May 3, 1872.

HORACE GREELEY, Tribune office:—

"We are most affectionately congratulating you on the success which is the omens of equally certain victory November."

WHITELAW REID.

PREPARING FOR THE PICTORIAL.

A portrait artist from one of the illustrated weeklies here made his entrance and asked permission of sketching "Mr. Greeley Receiving News of His Nomination." He received the mission, posted himself in a corner and went away to work with his pencil.

IRISH CONGRATULATIONS.

Another despatch, the early editions of the evening papers and another group of friends came in. This time the news was from James H. Fitzgerald, a leading Irish citizen and Alderman of Cincinnati. It read:—

"The congratulations of one of Ireland's sons to the best friend of Ireland's best friend."
J. W. FITZGERALD.

This led to a general discussion relative to the subject. Mr. Greeley thought the Irish were devoted to him and the rest stoutly maintained the contrary proposition. As if to confirm it Major Conyngham, the Irish editor of a democratic newspaper, entered and tendered his congratulations with the following words:

THE VICE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINEE.

When came the further news from the Convention that Grant Brown was nominated for Vice President.

"Well, I like it," said Mr. Greeley. "He's strong on our side."

"Yes, and he's strong among the Germans," said another of the group.

ABOUT THE GERMANS.

"Well, now, about the Germans," said the philosopher. "Some people say they don't like me because I don't like beer; but I don't believe that. I suppose the Germans are too intelligent, at any rate, to despise their preference for President on any such grounds."

"Where some amusement was created by one of the gentlemen reading aloud the "big head" over the Cincinnati news from an early edition of one of the clipping papers—"Charles Francis Adams Nominated on the First Ballot. The Chappagna Philosopher Nowhere."

THE SALUTE IN THE PARK.

The first gun of the hundred was fired at this moment in the City Hall Park, and rattled the window panes and the statuettes about the desks, startled the philosopher and his friends for a moment. But they soon comprehended the occasion of it and a more genial smile than ever appeared upon the broad countenance of the philosopher.

"They're bound to do you honor in the city, Mr. Greeley."

"Well, I don't know any place where I'd rather be honored home me."

NO FLAGS LOWERED.

"Well, Mr. Greeley," said another visitor, "you've got your own platform. You went in with all your flags flying and haven't lowered one yet."

"Well, I have none over to have to lower any," responded the nominee.

THE DEMOCRATIC VOTE AGAIN.

"And the democracy vote—how about that?"

"Well, the democracy have fooled away three successive elections, and I don't think they will fly away this time."

HIS STRENGTH AT THE SOUTH.

You certainly feel strong at the South?"

"The black men in the South know me. They love my name. I don't believe any drilling will make my record out of their remembrance; and I think the white people will vote for me."

THE TRIBUNE IN THE CANVASS.

"How's your paper going to conduct itself during the campaign?"

"Well, the *Tribune*, probably, won't vote a very active part. It's a journal for some time now, but it'll be an honest newspaper anyhow."

"Whatever else they may say about you, Mr. Greeley, come down to the bottom, and all the people believe Horace Greeley is honest."

MORE CONGRATULATIONS BY TELEGRAPH.

Four despatches came in. One from Ethan Allen said:—

"At the Cincinnati Convention, by its nomination, declares that Horace Greeley shall be the next president of the United States."

ETHAN ALLEN.

Groups continued to come and go. All political physical complexions were represented in the throng. Some of the editorial candidates wanted to press and to press the hand of the philosopher present. A coffee-colored gentleman, of African descent, who had just returned from Africa, awaited to receive words of gratification and passed out with a flourish.

CUSTOM HOUSE VISITORS.

A custom house officer showed a drab-faced fellow uttered his words of congratulation.

"What?" said the great Horace, "you here—a custom house man? You'll get your head chopped off."

"I don't care if I do," said the bold man of the customs. "I must congratulate you."

"That's what I expect the editorial candidate would say," remarked William E. Robinson, a democratic ex-Congressman, followed by Major Hagerty, another custom house officer, advanced, General Post Office messenger, and a crowd of others, anxious to hear how his old friend took his new honors. Now and then the groups would thin out, and in the intervals the editorial candidate would appear and utter again to his writing. As the reporter finally withdrew the Later Franklin, seated at his desk, the pen having fallen idle from his fingers, turned meditatively and complacently through the front window at the bronze statue of earlier Franklin whose career was as nearly a prototype of his "own."